"Oor Niyayam Pesalama" 💚

"Our little world of love, laughter, and endless conversations." ❤️

Chapter 1: The First Glance

I met her during my college days in 2019. From the very first moment, I knew she was cute, but I didn't realize how innocent she was. She was brilliant in her studies, and when we first crossed paths, I had so many expectations. However, she had no interest in me initially due to the many rumours surrounding me. She chose to ignore me voluntarily, keeping her distance.

Chapter 2: The First Connection

After countless texts and emotional exchanges, she finally accepted me. She believed in me blindly, unaware of how selfish I was back then. I failed to recognize how grateful I should have been. Slowly, she began shaping my career and even helped me with my studies. To be honest, I loved her deeply. I never wanted to blame her for anything; we grew together, needing each other at all times. She wanted me more than I could ever express.

Chapter 3: The Bakery Wait

I still remember waiting near the bakery close to her friend's house, watching her approach me. We took a "share auto," and she told me to sit beside her. I was so nervous I couldn't speak much. She looked at me and said, "Pesu pesu." She simply stared at me with so many expectations, looking at this careless boy turning from 19 to 20. More than luxurious gifts, she found joy in the simplest things—like sharing a meal. Even now, I wonder how I let go of such an innocent soul.

Chapter 4: The Push Forward

She pushed me to do better at every level. Do you remember when she joined a computer class to learn programming? She always told me to type with both hands. During the COVID times, we shared so much—spending three unforgettable hours together every day: at 11 AM, 3 PM, and 8 PM. If we got bored, we would gossip about family matters, which we found more interesting than TV serials. We even called it "oor niyayam pesalama."

Chapter 5: Love and Possessiveness

She always wanted me by her side. If I went out for more than two hours, she would get angry, but at the time, I didn't realize it was just her way of expressing love. Then, she got a job and even recharged my mobile when I was unemployed. After all my struggles, I finally secured a job—something that only happened because of her. I was once a boy who didn't even know how to turn on a computer, and now, I work for one of the world's top IT companies.

Chapter 6: Whitefield Railway Station

I still remember her waiting for me with Dairy Milk at Whitefield railway station, wearing a yellow top—how cute she looked. She gifted me a white t-shirt and jeans, which I still have. We roamed the streets of Bangalore together, from Nexus Shantiniketan to Global Axis, to get my ID card. She held my hand tightly, and even now, I can still feel that perfume smell. She prayed for me so much, but I always misunderstood her love as control. In the end, all she ever wanted was to sit with me and talk. That was the only expectation she had from me.

Chapter 7: The Growing Distance

But then, she became busy with work, and everything changed. We had fewer conversations, and we began to ignore each other. Now, she is in another man's arms, and they have started loving each other. Yet, this time, I love her even more than she ever loved me. Yesterday, I touched the place where we once sat in Prashanth Layout. I walked down that street with a heavy heart, my eyes full of tears, feeling like a lost three-year-old boy missing his mother.

Chapter 8: The Midnight Tears

I wanted to text her, but I know I shouldn't—I don't want to disturb her life. On February 2nd, at midnight, I couldn't control my tears. I kept thinking—how could another man touch my girl? How could he sleep beside her? It felt like I was dying inside. I wished God would wake me up and tell me that it was all just a dream—that it was 11 o'clock, and my love was waiting for me to book a train ticket so we could go to Bangalore together again.

Chapter 9: The Dark Thoughts

Dark thoughts filled my mind—if I died, would she know? Would she come? Would she cry? How would she tell people, “This is the guy I loved for five years”? I know that in the coming days, she will forget me. But I want her to know—she is mine, and I am hers. She left me on a street like a lost child in a crowded place.

Chapter 10: The Final Hope

One day, she will return—not now, but after her 70s. And I will be waiting for her at the same bakery where we first met, with wrinkled skin and a packet of "Happy-Happy" biscuits in my pocket. But this time, I won’t let go of her hand. I will hold her tightly and say one last thing:

I MISS YOU, GUNDUMALLI 🐼 🐷 💚